

# GLORIA'S ROMANCE

From the Motion Picture Drama of the Same Name Produced by George Kleine, Starring MISS BILLIE BURKE. Scenario and Novelization by Mr. and Mrs. Rupert Hughes.

## FOURTEENTH EPISODE THE FLOATING TRAP

"HANK heaven! nobody knows of your escapade," Pierpont Stafford was just saying to his daughter, Gloria. She had declined to be frightened by his scowl and had almost won him to a smile across his breakfast coffee cup when his eyes fell on the headlines of the morning paper. He nearly went over backward. The butler, who was stealing a glimpse of the headlines over his master's shoulder, nearly went over forward.

Pierpont threw the paper down in a rage. Gloria picked it up, and what she saw caused her mischievous smile with one whisk. This is what she read:

**POLICE NET GLORIA STAFFORD.**

**Millionaire's Beautiful Daughter, a Recent Debutante, Caught in Raid on East Side Dance Hall.**

**Dr. Stephen Royce Battered in Brawl.**

Gloria was stupefied. She sat in a daze while her father went through the other papers. Equally startling headlines or worse were in all of them. He pushed them before her. She pushed them to the floor. Then brother David came in, his hat and overcoat still on. He carried a bundle of papers, too. He was furious. Gloria meekly waved him and his papers away.

Pierpont glowered at her. David sat down and glowered at her.

The miserable silence was invaded by the second man who appeared and reported:

"If you please, sir, there's an army of reporters at the door."

Gloria threw up her hands in surrender. David sprang to his feet. Pierpont pushed him back and stalked out in a towering fury. He ordered the newspaper raiders off. They bombarded him with questions. He had to take refuge in the house. He returned to the dining room livid with wrath. He ordered the servants out. He thundered at Gloria.

"Now you see what would have happened if you had told the police about your delirium!"

He stormed on, Gloria trying vainly to break in. At last he was exhausted and she spoke:

"But, daddy, it was no delirium. I saw poor Dick murdered. Last night proved it, for I saw the man who killed him. Why did the judge let him go. Why don't you want him captured?"

Pierpont stared at her, then took her to the window and pointed to the crowd of reporters, saying: "My one and only reason for silence is this publicity! It is horrible!"

Gloria apologized and tried to soothe her father by promising him that she would lead the most quiet of lives thereafter, though she made the mental reservation that nothing should stop her pursuit of her lover's slayer.

Suddenly she started and pointed out of the window at two forlorn, ragged figures strolling up the drive as if they had wandered from the slums and were lost. They were the waiter, Casimir, and his little boy, Stas, whom Gloria had befriended at the night court. She had forgotten them and now they arrived at the most inopportune moment. Casimir held Gloria's card in his hand. He saw the reporters and grew uneasy. He pushed through and rang the doorbell. Gloria insisted on their admission and greeted them warmly.

Pierpont stared at the shabby waiter in disgust. He looked at his watch. He started to go. Gloria grabbed him. She told him that she had promised the waiter a job. Pierpont said he had no jobs for waiters. Then he ordered Gloria to lunch with him at the Banker's club.

"The very idea," she exclaimed. "Get Casimir a job there."

"In those clothes?" Pierpont exclaimed.

"Buy him a new outfit," was Gloria's solution.

Pierpont was enraged, but she had her way as usual, and he motioned the waiter to come with him. Casimir kissed Gloria's hand. The boy tried to follow him and clung to him in terror. Gloria knelt down and called to the boy. Stas ran to her and let Casimir go with Pierpont.

Gloria led the child to the window. They waved good-by to their two parents, so different in character and estate. Gloria laughed aloud as she saw her father issue from the house with Casimir, brush through the reporters, and motion Casimir into his car. She was educating her father to be as democratic as she was.

The boy Stas looked about the room as if he were in heaven and Gloria the winged angel that flew there with him. He threw his arms around her again lest he fall back to earth. The butler in horror took the boy's dirty hand from Gloria's shoulder and tried to cleanse it on a napkin. It blackened the napkin, but the hand was not visibly bleached.

Gloria laughed, put the boy in a chair at the table and called for finger bowls. The butler brought two. Gloria called for soap and a towel. This was appalling. The butler almost mutinied. Then she washed the child's hands with soap in the finger bowls. They turned out to be surprisingly white.

She drew a wet towel down his cheek and it left a white canal. She laughed again, but more soberly. She pondered a minute, then made up her mind and motioned to the butler:

"Griggs, what he needs is a bath. You may give him one."

Old Griggs muttered and shook his head. Gloria gave him one of the looks she ruled her father with. "Run along now, while I telephone for a complete trowel for him."

Griggs groaned. Stas did not want to leave Gloria, but she kissed him, carefully selecting the clean streak on his face, and assured him while Griggs led the boy by one clean finger to the servants' wing and one of its bathtubs. Then she ran into her own room. She called up her father's tailor, only to learn that it would take three weeks to make the boy's clothes. He could not possibly wait! She banged the receiver on the hook and ran through the telephone book till she found the number of a large men's furnishing establishment.

"Send me several of everything a boy has to have," Gloria demanded. When the clerk ventured to ask what his measurements were Gloria answered: "Measurements? How do I know? Do you have to have them?"

When he said that he did, Gloria called for the maid, a pencil, a tape measure, a piece of paper, and ran to the servants' quarters. She was about to enter one of the doors when she caught a glimpse that made her retreat.

Old Griggs, with coat off, sleeves rolled up and a towel for apron, was just lowering the boy into the steaming water. He dropped the boy with a splash, and, whirling, flung himself against the door. He spoke through it in a shocked manner, motioning the boy to hide in the sofa.

Gloria explained. Griggs opened the door a little and clutched the tape measure. He took the boy's dimensions and called them out to Gloria, who repeated them to her secretary-maid. Griggs had to thrust his arms into the water two or three times to reach the boy's knees and heels. He was most unhappy.

Gloria ran back to the telephone and resumed negotiations with the clerk. When he had transcribed the numbers, he promised to deliver the goods in a jiffy. A jiffy is a long time to a boy just out of a tub, and when Griggs explained to Gloria that Stas's entire wardrobe consisted of one Turkish towel and two safety pins, she had more thinking to do.

She solved the problem by sending her maid to fetch a pair of her silk pajamas.

By and bye there was a knock at the door, and Griggs carried in Master Stas. The pajamas were worlds too big for him, but he was almost unrecognizably improved—white and pink, with curls of gold and the eyes of a cherub. Gloria embraced him, and when Griggs explained to Gloria that Stas's entire wardrobe consisted of one Turkish towel and two safety pins, she had more thinking to do.

She called to the maid for a pair of her satin slippers for his bare feet, and took him in her lap and combed his curls. He was her new doll, and she kept him close to her. She thought that she would never have a child of her own.

She remembered her own childhood, and the nursery where she and her brother had been indulged, and every toy that money could buy or ingenuity invent.

She hastened up to the great room which she had not visited for years. Poor Stas had never had any nursery besides the streets or any toy except some pitiful makeshift. He did not really know how to play. Gloria had to teach him. He was an apt pupil with the horn and the drum. He pounded and blew till Gloria covered her ears. He tried to climb the hobby-horse with the drum still on. He got off head first on the other side, but he soon mastered the fierce steed.

His attention was attracted by a picture of a knight on the wall. They were doing a scalp-tango about it. He had thought Gloria an angel before, but she knew still more wonderful when she told him that she herself had been an Indian captive. He seemed to be a trifle disappointed when he learned that she had never been honored by being tied to a stake.

She saved herself a little by explaining: "I might have been worse than tied to a stake if I hadn't been rescued by Mr. Fre—mean, Dr. Royce!"

Then she fell into such a deep meditation that Stas could hardly recall her to finish the story. It was not until read night when the butler and the second man came with two towers of pasteboard boxes.

Now there was excitement indeed, and Gloria and Stas forgot the mere tone in the thrill of dressing and being dressed. Gloria began to feel that she had adopted a hopeless fool when she saw how Stas strutted in his finery. In his knickers and frilled shirt, his starched collar, silk tie, patent leather shoes and dandy hat, he looked like a pocket Beau Brummel. And then her rapture turned to alarm. The boy began to cough, to turn red and purple in the face, and to shake with paroxysms.

"Oh, dear! Oh, dear!" Gloria moaned; "he's had a bath, and he's given him pneumonia. The doctor! Quick! I must get him to the doctor!"



GLORIA HAD TO TEACH HIM HOW TO PLAY.

## The Evening World's Beauty and Health Column

Conducted by Pauline Furlong

Through This Column Miss Furlong Will Reply to Women Readers' Questions Regarding Exercise, Diet and Other Means of Preserving Good Health and Good Looks.

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Sufferers from adipose tissue will probably remember that this condition started around the regions of the lower abdomen, because this is the point of least activity and resistance.

It is therefore necessary for you to work hard and earnestly to disengage the superfluous flesh, as it is not possible to turn it into healthy muscular tissue.

To sum it all up in a few words, the only real cure for superfluous flesh is muscular activity through strenuous and DAILY exercises. All exercises which cause the leg to swing out to the side, are beneficial for those who wish to bring about a reduction in the lower part of the body only. Very obese women can take them on the bed, when it is not easy for them to get down to the floor.

Neither fat nor thin women should do any exercises until they are very fatigued, and those who are following the nut exercises, which are taken in a reclining position, should

take the movements only long enough to induce perspiration and keep the normal muscles limbered and elastic, so that more superfluous flesh cannot accumulate.

**Letters from Readers.**

**TRUNK RAISING FOR CONSTIPATION.**—MISS KATE F. writes: "I am thin and doing the various developing exercises, including chest raising, deep breathing and others, with good effects. Please tell me if the trunk raising exercise, which is so beneficial in overcoming constipation, will reduce what little weight I have gained, as I am anxious to cure myself without drugs, yet I do not want to lose weight."

Many exercises are beneficial for both the thin and obese, and trunk raising can be numbered among them. This exercise, if not overdone, stimulates the blood circulation to the stomach and fairly churns the important trunk organs, which in turn aid the body in eliminating waste matter. By all means take the trunk raising exercise, and if you are a beginner practise it with the feet braced under a heavy piece of furniture until you are able to do it without aid.

no abdominal muscles have become stronger. Eat bran products, fruits, green vegetable and drink much water, and you will cure constipation without drug medication.

**LIVER SPOTS.**—MRS. HARRY T. asks: "Is there no cure for liver spots? I have them all over my face

and neck, and I have no other indications of liver troubles, such as headache, dizziness, coated tongue and other symptoms which you describe as liver troubles."

"Liver spots have no connection with the liver. They are generally supposed to be the result of retained waste matter in the system. Drink much water, practise the trunk exercises, keep the bowels active and live on light diet for a while, and I am confident the liver spots will disappear."

**WANTS WEIGHT.**—MRS. FRANK G. writes: "I am five feet six and weigh 200 pounds. Please tell me what I should weigh."

You should weigh 141 pounds.

**ALCOHOL RUBS.**—MARTIN J. asks: "Of what benefits are alcohol rubs after the bath? My skin seems to itch so after them, but I have become accustomed to taking the rubs and wondered if they cause the itching."

"Alcohol rubs close the pores and prevent colds in winter. They are of no really special benefit, except that they are refreshing. Those who have dry skin should avoid them, as they will exasperate this condition, because alcohol is drying and astringent and may cause itching."

**GAS IN STOMACH.**—MRS. A. J. D. writes: "I am weak and anemic and nervous and have no ambition. Have tried several of your exercises but get so tired I have to stop them. Have also a form of gas on my stomach which causes me great pain, so that I cannot eat anything. Please outline a diet for me."

You are suffering from lowered vitality and should consult your physician about a diet and the stomach trouble. Do not allow this condition to exist. Get medical advice at once.

**FATTENING FRUITS.**—MARGARET R. writes: "Will you please tell me a few fruits which are not too acid and are fattening?"

Bananas and grapes are best for those who wish to gain weight.

## Margarete Matzenauer Triumphs at the Garden

By Sylvester Rawling.

LESSING's brighten as they take their flight. So the concert of the Civic Orchestra Society at Madison Square Garden became more alluring as they near the end. Thanks, principally, to Margarete Matzenauer, last night's concert was the best of the series. This accomplished artist of the Metropolitan Opera Company had volunteered her services as soloist. Never was she in better voice, never did she look so well. The applause of the 7,000 or 8,000 people that came near to crowding the auditorium

was not always opportune, it may be remarked, but it was to that. Her singing of the once familiar aria from Bellini's opera "Norma" was a treat. Besides, she sang Adriano's aria from Wagner's "Lohengrin" and three extra numbers, so generous was she in her desire to please.

Mr. Rothwell and his much more than capable orchestra performed their share of the concert admirably. The great Tchaikowsky Sixth Symphony was played with compelling interest and with rare poignancy. The audience, spellbound until the end, burst into a roar of applause that could not be stilled until the banterous acknowledgment of Kossini's "William Tell" overture and Strauss's "Till and Du" waltz were the other numbers.

Melanie Kurt of the Metropolitan Opera Company, another volunteer, is to be the soloist at next Tuesday night's concert of the Civic Orchestra Society in Madison Square Garden, the last of the series, cut prematurely short because of lack of sufficient pecuniary support by the public.

One may reflect that the wealthy

Gloria had traced her fugitive to his home. She crossed a plank to the Trask barge and went to the cabin hatchway. She heard voices of anger coming up. The girl was crying "You killed him!" Gloria darted down the steps and cried out at Trask.

Doctor Royce to meet her there. He

was difficult to understand as a man, but as a doctor he was ideal. He

gloria dashed away with Casimir and

stare, while Hortensia and Pierpont

held up their hands in despair of her.

When Gloria's chauffeur and foot-

man heard the address she gave them

they thought they had misunderstood,

she repeated it in most positive tones.

They raised their eyebrows in a way

that indicated, "What next?"

Coincidence or accident, now and

then in real life—not quite so often or

so gracefully as in fiction, and yet

once in a while, in fact, coincidences

make life what it is. And so it

happened that the murderer of Dick

Freneau, whom Gloria had followed

from the Night Court, had found a

hiding place in the same block where

Casimir lived.

Gloria recognized the region as soon

as her limousine turned into it. She

recognized the scene and dance hall

where she had found and lost her

man. But she did not recognize the

murderer's daughter in the crowd

that gathered about the unusual

limousine when it drew up along the

garage cans.

Neil Trask was looking for her

father, and she paused to see the fine

lady descending from the palace car.

In Neil's arms was the child of Rich-

ard Freneau. Gloria, hurrying

through the crowd, could not help

pausing to admire the baby and to

twice the little finger it held up.

There for a moment the two women

paused with Dick Freneau's child be-

tween them, and neither dreamed

that the other had ever heard of him.

Gloria passed on into the tenement

and Neil went to seek her father.

When Gloria was led up and up a

gloomy staircase to the one dismal,

barren room which Casimir and his

wife and their child had had to call

home, she felt that she had no right

to complain of any woes that had

befallen her.

The sick mother was outstretched

on an old bed by a dark window. A

neighbor's wife, who introduced her-

self as Mrs. Slattery, was sitting by

her. Casimir ran to his wife, and

gasping with terror at her appear-

ance, dropped on his knees. She em-

braced him with long white arms so

giant that the other side of the bed

and clambered up. His mother

turned, stared at him, and only real-

ized after a long look that he was

here. Then she gathered him to her

poor bosom with a sob of pitiful

reapture.

Mrs. Slattery rubbed off a chair

with her apron and invited Gloria

to rest herself, but Gloria went to

Casimir's wife. The wretched woman

clutched her hands and held them to

her cheek, while Stas and Casimir

both explained to her who Gloria

was. They told her what misadventure

Gloria had performed and they plainly

hoped for another. But Gloria was

filled with a dread that money would

be useless here. She promised glibly,

but her heart felt helpless.

Dr. Royce came at last and she had

some hope that he might redeem the

life of the poor woman. He made

his examination and spoke cheerfully

enough, but Gloria was sure from his

tone that he was lying, too. She led

him out into the hall to question him.

He shook his head gloomily. Gloria

protested.

"But surely there must be some

way to help her."

"Not in this cavern," Dr. Royce in-

sted. "Of course if she were in the

country somewhere—in the air under

the sky—but what chance has she of

that?"

That was so easy that Gloria

laughed aloud. "Oh, if that to all,

I'll furnish the air and the sky. I'll

take them all up to our country place

at once. You got them ready? I'll

so tell my father that we are await-

ing guests."

"What will it be for you?"

"What does it matter what be-

says?" said Gloria as she ran back

into the dingy hall to scatter good

news like flowers. She ordered Royce

to attend to the details of transport-

ation and hurried away to inform

her father that she had invited three

strangers to his country estate.

Gloria's feet skipped down the stair-

way and she was humming as she

stepped into the limousine and told

the footman, "The office."

The car started and was checked al-

most at once by a tangle of trucks.

Gloria, looking about impatiently,

caught sight of Neil Trask and her

father just leaving the opposite im-

ment. She recognized the old man.

She was dumfounded. As she gazed,

they were lost in the crowd. She saw

that the car could not be turned

around. Every moment was precious.

Impulse